THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Captain Mahan's Twentieth Century Outlook.

AMERICA AND ITS FUTURE

Changed and Changing Conditions Which Bring the United States Into Close Connection With the European Powers-Our Needs on Land and Sea-The Coming War.

The outlook-the signs of the timeswhat are they? It is not given to human vision, neering into the future, to see more than as through a glass, darkly; men as trees walking one cannot say certainly whither. Yet signs may be noted. even if they cannot be fully or precisely interpreted; and among them I should certainly say is to be observed the general outward impulse of all the civilized na tions of the first order of greatness-ex cept our own. Bound and swatned in the traditions of our own eighteenth century, when we were as truly external to the European world as we are now a part of it, we, under the specious plea of peace and plenty-fulness of bread-ing au-lited of isolation and refuse to recognize the adidarity of interest with which the world of European civilization must not only look forward to but go out to meet, tile future that, whether near or remote seems to a wait it. I say we do so I should more excels express my thought by saying that the outward impulse already is in the majority of the nation, as shown when particular occasions arouse their ata. but that it is as yet retarded, and may be retained perilously long, by those whose views of national policy are gov-erned by maxims framed in the infancy of the Republic.

Coincident with the long pause which the French revolution imposed upon the process of external colonial expansion which was so marked a feature of the eighteenth century, there occurred au-other singular manifestation of national energies, in the creation of the great standing atmics of modern days, them seives the outcome of the levee en masse and of the general conscription which the revolution bequeathed to us along with its expositions of the rights of man Blemming with the birth of the century perfected during its continuance, its close finds them in full maturity and power, a development in numbers, in reserve force, in organization, and in matering for the war over which the econo mist perpetually wails, whose existence nces and whose abolition he demands. As freedom has grown and strengthened, so have they grown and strength-ned. Is this singular product of a century, whose gains for political liberty are undeniable, a mere gross perversion of human activities, as is so confidently claimed on many sides? Or is there possibly in it also a sign of the times to come, to be studied in connection with other signs? What has been the effect of these great

nomical side there is the diminution of production, the tax upon men's time and lives the disadvantages of cylls so dinned daily into our cars that there is no need of re-peating these here. But is there nothing to the credit side of the account, even per hops a balance in their favor? Is it nothing, in an age when authority is weakening and restraints are loosening. that the youth of a nation passes through a school in which order, obedience and reverence are learned; where the body is atically developed; where ideals of self-surrender, of courage, of munbood mental conditions of military success? Is It nothing that masses of youths out of the fields and the streets are brought together, mingled with others of higher in tellectual antecedents, taught to work and to act together mind to contact with mind rrying back into civil life that re spect for constituted authority which is regently needed in these days, when lawlessness is created into a religion?

expression and movements of a number of rustic conscripts undergoing their first drills, and to contrast them with the finished results as even in the faces and bearing of the soldiers that throng the streets. A military training is not the worst preparation for an active life, any more than the years spent at college are time lost, as another school of utilitarian insists. Is it nothing that wars are less frequent, peace better secured, by the mutuni respect of nations for each other's strength; and that, when a convulsion does come, it casses rapidly, leaving the ordirse of events to resume sconer, and therefore more ensity? War now not only occurs more rarely, but has rather the Character of an occasional excess, from which recovery is easy. A century or more ago it was a chronic disease. And withal, the military spirit, the preparedness -not merely the willingness, which is a different thing-to fight in a good cause, which is a distinct good, is more widely diffused and more thoroughly possessed than ever It was when the soldier was merely the paid man. It is the nations now that are in arms, and not simply the servants of the

Asia and the Future of Christian Civilization.

In the etb and flow of human affairs, under those mysterious impulses, the origin of which is sought by some in a personal Providence, by some in laws not yet fully undergood, we stand at the opening of a period when the perpiexing question is to be settled decisively, though the issue may be long delayed, whether Eastern or West ern civilization is to dominate throughout the earth and to control its future. The great task now before the world of civilized Christianity, its great mission, which it must fulfill or perish, is to receive into its own bosom and raise to its own ideals those ancient and different civilization by which it is surrounded and outnumbered the civilizations at the head of which stand China, India and Japan. This, to cite the most striking of the many form in which it is presented to us, is surely the mission which Great Britain, sword at hand, has been discharging toward India: but that stands not alone. The bleory of the present century has been that of a constant increasing pressure of own civilization upon these older ones till now, as we cast our eyes in any direction, there is everywhere a stirring, a rou ing from sleep, drowsy for the most part. but real, unorganized as yet, but consc that that which rudely interrupts their dream of centuries possesses over them at least two advantages -power and material prosperity—the things which unspiritual minhty, the world over, most craves.

What the altimate result will be i would be vain to prophesy; the data for guess even are not at hand; but it is not equally impossible to note present conditions, and to suggest present co siderations, which may shape proximate notion, and tend to favor the prepender ance of that form of civilization which we cannot but deem the most premists for the future, not of our race only, but of the world at large. The peoples of European civilization, after

a period of comparative repose, are ad-

vancing all along the line, to occupy not only the desert places of the earth, but the behatable grounds, the buffer territories, which hitherto have separated them from those ancient nations with whom they new soon must stand face to face and border to border. But who will say that this vast general movement represents the thought, even the unconscioof any one man, as Caesar, or of any few To whatever cause we may assign it, whether to the simple conception of a personal Divine Monarchy that shapes our endator to more complicated ultimate causes, the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of no individual men. Necessity is laid upon the peoples, and they move, like the lemmings of Scandinavia; but to man, ng not without understanding like the beasts that periah, it is permitted to ask "Whither?" and "What shall be the end Does this tend to universal hereof?" peace general disarmament, and the treaties of permanent arbitration? Is it the barbinger of ready mutual understanding, of quick acceptance of, and delight in, sing traditions and habits of life and thought. Is such quick acceptance found now where Easterns and Westerns imdisappearance of great armies and navies,

present is embodied in them? and radically distinct -because the evoluracial characteristics radically different -confront each other without to evil, it is the soldier whom it presents. the interposition of any neutral belt. He Bindelf, if by office King of Peace, by the intervention of which the contrasts, is first of all, in the essence of His Being, seing more remote, are less apparent, and King of Rightenumess, without which within which distinctions shade one into true peace cannot be, the other?

Positions suitably chosen, frontiers suitably advanced, will do much to retard and by gaining time to modify the disaster to ae to the benefit of the world. Hence the immense importance of discerning bees what the real value of positions is. and where occupation should betimes be-gin. Here, in part at least, is the significance of the great outward movement of the European nations today. Consciously or unconsciously they are advancing the autposts of our civilization, and accumuating the line of defenses which will permil it to survive, or at least will insure but it shall not go down till it has leavened the character of the world for a future brighter even than its past, just as the Roman civilization inspired and exalted its Tentonic conquerors and continues to

The Greater America.

The same tendency is shown in the ndepinble disposition of the British people and of British statesmen to cultivate the good will of the United States, and to draw closer the relations between the two For the disposition underly ing such a tendency Mr. Balfout has us an expression, "race patriotism," a phrase which finds its first approximation. iess, in the English-speaking family, but which may well extend its embrace, in a time yet distant, to all those who have drawn their present civilization from the same remote sources. The phrase is so pregnant of solution for the problems of the future, as conceived by the writer, that he hopes to see it obtain the cur-rency due to the value of the idea which it formulates. That this disposition on the part of Great Britain, toward her colonies and noward the United States, shows usind policy as well as sentim may be readily granted; but why should sound policy, the seeking of one's own advantage, if by open and bonest means be imputed as a crime? In democracies, however, policy cannot long dispute the scepter with sentiment.

That there is lukewarm response in the United States is due to that narrow con-ception which grew up with the middle of the century, whose analogue in Great Britain is the Little England party, and which in our own country would turn all selves. How shall two walk together except they be agreed? How shall there be true sympathy between a nation whose political activities are world wide, and one that eats out its heart in merely internal political strife? When we begin really to look abroad, and to heavourselves with our duties to the world at large in our generation-and not before-we shall stretch out our hands to Great Britain. resiling that in unity of heart among the English-spending races her the best hope of humanity in the doubtful days shead.

The Future Battle-Ground of the Nations.

Considering the American States as members of the European family, as they are by traditions, institutions and lan gonges, it is in the Pacific, where the westward course of empire again meets the East, that their relations to the future of the world become most apparent. The Atlantic, bordered on either shore by the European family in the strongest and most advanced types of its political development no longer severs, but binds together, by all the facilities and abundance of communications, the once divided chil-Cren of the same mother, the inheritors of Greece and Rome, and of the Tentonic conquerors of the latter. A limited express or a flying freight may carry a few passengers or a small bulk overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific more rap idly than modern steamers can cross the ormer ocean, but for the vast amounts in numbers or in quantity which are required for the full fruition of communication, it is the land that divides and not the sea. On the Pacific coast, severed from their brethren by desert and mountain rance are found the outposts, the exposed pioneers of European civilization, whom it is one of the first duties of the European family o hind more closely to the main body, and to protect, by due foresight over the ap-proaches to them on either side.

It is essential to our own good, it is yet more essential as part of our duty to the commonwealth of peoples to which we racially belong, that we look with clear, dispassionate, but resolute eves upon the fact that civilizations on differ ent planes of material prosperity and progress, with different spiritual ideals, and with very different political capacities, are fast closing together. It is a condition not imprecedented in t - libtor of the world. When it befell a great united empire, enervated by long years of unwarlike habits among its chief citi-zens, it entailed ruin, but ruin prolonged through centuries, thanks to the provision made beforehand by a great general and state-man. The Saracenic and Turk ish invasions, on the contrary, after generations of advance, were first checked, and then rolled back; for they fell upon peoples, disunited indeed by internal discords and strife, like the nations of Europe today, but still nations of warriors, ready by training and habit to strike for their rights, and, if need were, to die for them. In the providence of God, along with the immense increase of prosperity, of physical and mental luxury, brought by this century, there has grown up also that counterpoise stigma-tized as "militarism," which has converted Europe into a great camp of soldiers prepared for war. The ill-timed cry for disarmament, beedless of the menacing possibilities of the future, breaks idly against a great fact, which finds its sufficient justification in present conditions, but which is, above all, an unconscious preparation for something as yet noted but by few.

America a Sea Power. In the isthmus the United States has ac

serted a special interest. In the present she can maintain her claim, and in the

future perform her duty, only by the cre ation of that sea power upon which pre-dominance in the Caribbean must ever depend. In short, as the internal jeniousies of Europe, and the purely democratic in stitution of the leves en masse—the gen-crai cafetcement of military training—bay. prepared the way for great national armies. upon the scutiment of American democracy of that conviction loosely characterized as the Monroe doctrine finds its logical, inevitable outcome in a great sea power, th correlative. In connection with that of futures, manufacturers and merchants Great Britain, of those armies which continue to flourish under the most popular institutions, despite the wails of ecand the lamentations of those who wish peace without paying the one price which alone she has insured peace-readiness

Nothing is more ominous for the future something which inspired Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," which soothed the dying hours of Henry Lawrence, who dying Does contact forbode the speedy framed the ideals of his career on the poet's conception, and so nobly illustrated disappearance of great a late and dispensing with and distance that form of organized force which at present is embodied in them?

It in his self-secrifice; that something which has made the soldier to all agen the type of heroism and of self-denial. What, tren, will be the actual conditions | When the religion of Christ, of Him who when these civilizations of diverse origin | was led as a famb to the slaughter, seeks to raise before its followers the Image of self-control, and of resistance

Conflict is the condition of all life, material and spiritual; and it is to the soldier's experience that the spiritual life goes for its most vivid metaphers the one party, and to convert the general and its loftlest inspirations. Whatever else the twentieth century may us. It will not from anything now corrent in the thought of the nineteenth receive a nobler ideal. - Captain A. T. Mahan in Harper's Magazine

THE COLONEL'S DRUNK.

The major sat on the hotel veranda railing, when Col. Nash came across the square. The major saw that the colonel was "tangled in the legs," and that he was bended for the veranda, but he was not the man to give anything away.

"Ant majah-zhat you" exclaimed the colonel, as he pulled himself up the steps and came to a halt.

"Kurnel Nash, good mawnin' to yo good mawnin'," hearthy replied the major, as he afose and extended his limin. "N-nice day, Maigh Davis?"

"Powerful niceday, Kurnel Nuch. Won"t on sit down, sab?" C-can't stop, majab-got 'er go down

'er bank. Good day, sah.' He went off down the steps, walked half a block up the street, and returned to say:

"Ah! Majah Davis—zhat yon?"
"Way,Kurnel Nash, good mawnin'—good nawnin' to you!" replied the major, as be got his legs under him again. "Hey I-ney I sheen you befo' this

mawnin' "No, san. Won't you take sunthin' with "Shanks, but 'er gotter go down 'er

bank. Sheen you up yere and just came over, you know. Good mawnin', Majah Davis." § "Good mawnin', Kurnel Nash,"

The colonel fumbled his way down the teps and zig-zagged across the street, and bugging a hitching post for a monent he returned over the route to say:

"'Scose me, sah, but hev you sheen Ma-jah Davis 'round' yere zhis mawnin'?" "I am Majah Davis, sah. Kurnel Nash, glad to see you-powerful glad. Been out of town, sab?"

"Not 'zacily, majah-not 'zactly. Majah, how long have you been 'round yere?' "About an hour, sah,"

"And hey I been 'round were befo"?" "No, sah. Powerful good cotton wea-

ther, kurnet?" Glad 'er shee you, majah, but I gotter go down 'er bank. You'll 'scuse

"Ob, certainly. Hoped you would take vip with me, but business before pleasme. See you later, kurnel-see you later. The colonel made off down the street this time, but after going a hundred feet he halted, puzzled for a moment, and then returned to the man on the veranda to say: ""Scuse me, sah, but I'm lookin' I'r Majah Davis."

"I am Majah Davis." replied the sitter, he rose and bowed, "and I take it that you are Kurnel Nash?"

"Zhe same, sah. Majah Davis, hev I sheen you befo' zhis ma wnin'?"

"Not this mawnin', Kurnel."

"And would you shay, shir-would you hay I was zhrunk?"

"No sah, I wouldn't." "Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun, sah. Do you feel that on are inchriated"

"Can't zhactly shay, Majah Davis, but untblog's wrong. I'm either zhronk or a fool or else you are a liar and a gentleman, and I gotter go down 'er bank and

SCATTERING HIS ENEMY.

That he was from Carlboo there was no doubt. Why, nuggets from Omineca were nothing compared to what "grew in Cariboo, neither for gold nor "bars. 'It was back in the fifties when my partner set out to do a little work on some cround we owned, and he had to came

for the first night on the banks of a creek He set out his pack, and deposited, at a safe distance, several sticks of giant powder, caps and fuse. Then he went to the creek for a pan of water. While there be heard a great rumpus, and, looking back, saw a big grizzly bear at his explosives. He yelled and threw stones at it, but the grizzly was too much fas closted with the sweet tasting giant pow der; but when Bill began to fire larger rocks Mr. Brain got down to business and

"Bill did not stop to discuss the matter. but went up the nearest tree like a wildcat. Now, a peculiar thing about a grizzly bear is the fact that it cannot climb a tree; so Bill felt safe; at least, for a while. But, though a grizzly is not a climber, he can play a waiting game to perfection, having that faculty al developed; so he sat and waited for Bill's pleasure to descend. Bill was much happier up above, bowever, and had little use for terra firma at that moment.

"Then the giant powder must have occurred to the bear again, for he walked over to where it was and commenced to gulp it down, taking for dessert the caps and fuse. Then he camped at the foot of Bill's tree again. Bill was enjoying a smoke, when a happy thought struck him A lump of fuse was protruding from the grizzly's mouth: so, reaching down as far as he could, he knocked the burning to bacco out of his pipe and it fell on the fuse. A few moments afterward there was a loud explosion, and Bill descended to eather up enough bear mest to keep him all winter."-Vancouver World.

A Case With Possibilities,

An ingenious Woman in Durango, Colo the has ever felt a fear that her clothine a device for her own protection. By the er garments is released and they fall her. It is to be hoped that she never be embarrassed by a faise alarm. Boston Globa.

WONDERFUL NEW COTTON.

Georgia Amazed by a New Mid-Afri-

can Plant. Atlanta, Ga. Aug. 28. It has been left to Adolph Kyle, an English Jew., who is now, if alive, somewhere in the Klondike region gradual broadening and tightening hold to change the method of production of the greates' money crop in the world, that brings \$36,000,000 annually to the producers, aside from what accrues to the transporta-tion conspanies, the factors, dealers in

From a few seed brought from the heart of equationed Africa three years ago enough cotton has been grown to prove beyond a doubt the he has been the means of solving the problem of prefitable production, which has long puzzled the political economists of the country. In spite of all that has been said and written, the fact is still patent to the of our race than that tendency, vociferous thinking man that cotton is still king in the at present, which refuses to recognize in South, and the commercial monarch is more the profession of arms, in war, that | firmly seated on his throng than ever before in the history of the world

One day in the autumn of 1894 a traveler, bronzed and bearded from the effects of the tropical sun and a long sea voyage, about forty five yea's old, robust and sinewy, signed, "Ado'ph Kyle, England," on the hotel register at the Kirchall House, and ordered his somewhat constrous lagrage carried to his room. He was soon surrounded by a crowd of carious cole were anxious colearn what particular brand of spirits be affected, and, incidentally, something of his antecedents, and whether or not he had any spare cash to invest in suburban lots or mining schemes.

Parily through natural garrulity and parsly through a desire to gratify the manifest curiosity of the colonels, he began to relate scraps of his adventures among the jungles of Central Africa, and of the re-markable sights and somes that came under his observation. He regaled them with which made their mouths water, and of the wonderful vegetable productions of that region of eternal summer

"In December, 1892, I joined a party of prospectors," said he, "and We set out on a tout of exploration to the country of the Conge. It was an arduous und " taking, full of perils and privations; but were all young Englishmen who had started out to seek our fortunes, and we had all to win and little to lose; and for many months we wandered among the jungles of central Africa, meeting With the savage tribes and passing through strange scenes innumerable, such as necy be seen only in that Wonderful hand.

One day along in 1893 we pitheed our camp on the outsights of an African village, bout twenty miles south of the equateand 1,000 miles from the coast. I ob served growing near the camp a thicket of enormous cotton plants, twenty feet and ever in neight, and covered from bottom top with snowy pods and blossims It attracted my attention because of the abundance of the plant, which was limitiess, and bore the pods at the base of the big, broad, fig-like leaves, and only a few inches from the stem of the plant, which shot straight up from the ground and appeared like a young tree.

"I tried to learn of the natives what use if any, they made of it, but they seemed utterly ignorant of its utility. I had seen cotton growing in Egypt, and the sim ilarity of the plants caused me to think to myself that if this plant could be introduced into a civilized cotton growing country, and could be made to grow as luxuriantly and fruit as abundantly as it did there in the primeval wilds, it would make the fortune of the man who introduced it.

I cut off a section of the plant that had more than 600 pods on it by actual count and was more than twenty feet in height The section was about eighteen inches long and had sixty-five pods open on it, and I carried it away among my luggage as a curiosity. At first I carefully wrapped it in a piece of antelope skin and packed it among other souvenirs of my wanderings. We were then on the return journey to the coast, and on the way we were upset in a turbulent stream by the overturning of a raft and all our belongings were thoroughly saturated.

"In drying my cotton stalk I smoked it slightly, but I preserved it and on arriving at the coast I wrapped it in a piece of dressed shark skin to protect it from the sait water and air on the voyage to the Cape. Arhad taken, so I resolved to visit America. The only relative that I have in the world that I know of is a sort of balf cominwho is in the service of the Baffin's Bay Company, and I am now on my way to that part of the country in search of sim I inherited a little money, and having no ome ties, I have resolved to gratify my taste for travel.

"I noticed in traveling through this country that your principal crop is cotton Now, I have carried that piece of cotton for many months, and it has traveled 6,000 miles of hand and sea, so that I doubt it seed will germinate; but I want to give it to some good fellow, who will ex-periment withit and send it can be naturalized in a cotton-growing country, where ".boods

There is a man living in this countr who has devoted many years to the study of the cotton plant," sald one of the colonels who had heard the story, "and he can tell you in a few minutes whether it can be grown in this country."

"Send for him and I will make him a present of the cotton," said the traveler A note was dispatched to old Thomas A ackson, who lives not far from the city. and on the next day he called on Kyle at us rooms in the Kimball Farmer Jackson is an East Tennesseean, was an aide-decamp to a Confederate general in the war. and left his native land because of the ostility of the Brownlow mediately after the war. He is a man of large experience in cotton growing and has a lib-tal education and an inquiring turn of mind. He had been studying the bistory of the cotton plant for years, and as soon as he laid eyes out he withered stalk hat had been carried so many miles he saw that it was of a different genus from the shrab cotton of South America or the annual plant of Australia.

He had a long talk with Kyle and, while

the other colonels made light of the story, Jaceson listened very attentively and finally carried off the dilapidated specimen to his poor little farm among the reddest of the red hills of Georgia. Carefully he picked the leaves from the sitken locks of cetten, observing that many of the pods or bulls contained five separate cells each instead of four, which is the ule with the ordinary cotton. Out of the 265 seed secured, fifty-seven germinated n the garden plot where he planted them in the spring of 1895.

The sturdy plants grew rapidly, each putting forth, at first, a pair of ordinary leaves, and immediately above them a second leaf, which grew out from the stem about two inches. Then followed a joint at which a cluster of "squares" or bads appeared, the leaf stalk continuing terminating in a broad thick leaf, while the portions between the cluster and the buds and the stalk thickened to the size of a lead pencil, forming a support for the heavy bolls. The plants grew to a height of twelve to fourteen feet, putting forth alternately the general leaf and the fruitbearing leaf, all the way to the top, and continuing in full foliage till the frost feil except that the lower leaves dropped as the olls matured, so that by the time the cor ton was open and ready to pick the leaves had disappeared, leaving only the anowy bolls ready to be gathered, free from trast

or plant stains . The discovery became noised abroad, and cotten men from a long distance came to

out by hand, and in 1896 there wer nough to plant half an acre, less thirteen square feet, as measured by a cotton expert from Baltimore. The land composing Jackson's little farm is not at all adapted to cotton culture, and the farm had been conducted as a grain-growing and dairving

establishment for years. But from the pounds of seed cotton. It was not carefull; ginned, but it yielded 800 pounds of the finest lint cotton ever grown in Georgia giving forty instead of the usual thirty turee and one half pounds of lint to the 100

Experts say that it rivaled the finest of Exyptian cotton and was superior in many ing, Moses Toothacre and the new hire respects to the far-famed Seals and production man. The new bired man's name was The Clark Spool Cotton Company sent an agent here and offered to gin the cotton on the special machinery operated by the com-pany, so as to give the fiber a thorough test, but Farmer Jackson declined the offer and saved the seed carefully, selling a few at the enormous price of 5 cents apiece in packages of 100 to some enthusiastic plant ers who wished to give the seed a trial. He sold the lint for 15 cents a pound when other cotton was selling at 5 and 51-2 cents a pound. This year he planted six acre and he has today the most magnificent field of cotton ever seen in Georgia. New York off to the next town to see about some Sun.

HE WAS AN HONORABLE.

A farmer whom I met on the highway three or four miles from Paola inquired if I knew whether the Hon. Jim Hensaw was in town I replied that I didn't, and asked him in turn if Mr. Henshaw was the member of Congress from that district. "No. sub. Jim bain't no member

Congress," he replied. "Member of the legislature, perhaps?" 'No. sah, Jim never went to the legis

lature." "Is he a judge of an alderman?" I per sisted. "No, sah, he hain't," was the steady

reply. "He's just the Hon. Jim Henshaw and noboty else." "But the term is generally applied to men of prominent political position. How do you make Mr. Henshaw an honorable?"

"Wail, sah, it Wasu't two y'ars ago that he shot a mad dog which had bitten four hosses. Yes, san-shot that dog as dead as a pail' "But that would hardly give him the

title. "Hold on, sah," he continued, with a wave of his hand. "Jim Henshaw was the first man to diskiver coal in this

Well?" "And he caught three men setting fire to the schoolhouse at Grover's Corners and snot one of them in the back."

"I see." "And he contributed \$100 to git the race track at Paola, and he's got the fastest trottin' horse in this State."

"Go on, I said." "And, sah, Jim Henshaw bet \$500 on the Presidential Tection and Won it as straight as a string.

"Is that all?" "Is that all!" he echoed as he began to get red in the face. "No, sah, that hain't all. Jim Henshaw kin cure pollcoil on a hoss; set a broken leg on a dog; takeoff wartsfrom a human tein' in seven days, and if thar's anybody yere who says he hain't an Honorable that pusson better git down off his hoss and git some sense thumped into his head!"

After a little reflection I agreed with the farmer that Mr. Henshaw was fully entitled to the appellation, and he grew good-natured and offered me almost half a plug of tobacco at parting.

BUTTER, EGGS AND FREE TRADE

Mr. Gladstone has been expressing his lews on the advantages of small culture in a speech at the meeting of the Hawarden Horticultural Society, where Mrs. Gladston distributed the prizes. After praising Hawarden and its butter he said:

"No doubt it seems almost riduculous if we were to recommend the pursuit of the culture of fruits and flowers and butter and eggs and poultry to the farmers of this country as a cure for all their distresses At the same time it is a matter to me of extreme satisfaction to know that in my own particular cases these recomme have been useful to farmers. For my pari-I am a very strong free trader, and I look back with satisfaction and delight upon these changes in the laws of this country which pea to the population of this country with ut let or bindrance or charge of any kind

"The effect of that is delightful to witand, although there may be still much to desire and there always will be much to desire-in the lot of our fellow doring men, when I compare this state of things which now prevails with that which prevailed in my youth; when I compare that which you may heat from your grandfathers with what you are abic to tell for yourselves with regard to food, clothing, lodgings, the confort and enjoyments of life open to the people at large, the change which it has been my happy fortune to witness is an immense change

"But, at the same time, ladies and gentle nen, though I wish that the products of the whole world should find their way to the tables of the laboring people of this country without let or hindrance, and though I hope that no delusions and no quackery will ever induce the legislature of this country to go tack upon the happy experience that it has witnessed, if any of these products can be better orised at home, I delight in it. If the can be raised better and cheaper here, I say Frejoiceinit. When I find that 1,200,000. 000 eggs are laid all over Europe, to be im ported into England, I cannot help thinking that it would be a very good thing if five or six hundred millions of these eggs were laid at home, because you may depend on this, that the nearer an egg is laid to the place where it is consumed the better it will be. "I do not believe that the egg-pro

ing faculty in this country is half exhausted, or, in point of fact, is exer-cised in the degree to which it ought to be exercised, and, therefore, while I re joice that the foreigner is allowed to supply the Englishman with cheap food rather than that the Englishman should not get it, yet I say the more the Englishman can that cheap food at home, the better for himself and the country."-New York

As He Understood It.

An aged negro shuffled into the office of Capt, Frank Conningham at the city hall the other day and made the popular city collector's hair carl by announcing: "Boss, I done come for to pay de license on my pole cats."

"What," shouted Capt. Frank, as a ho rible suspicion that the old darky had ught them with him possessed him. "My pole cats, boss. I wants to gin you my pole cats," said the old man, thrusting a black paw into the pocket of his breeches

"Why do you want to give me your polcats?" asked the collector, recovering his equanimity as an idea dawned suddenly upon him. "Case I owes it, boss; an' dev dun tole me dat culled tolks whu don' pay dey pole

ats evant vote." "Poll tax, by ginger!" yelled the collector with a great gasp of relief and the clerks all took up their pens again and

'On!"-Richmond State The Sense of Power.

There are some men who don't know what greatness is until they have son see it. Every seed was carefully picked | working under them.-Atchison Globe

MOSES TOOTHACKE'S

SURE THING.

Away up in the northern countles Maine there is a considerable district which was settled by the Toothacre family From that district they have spread out-north, east, south and west, till the name has become not uncommon in those northern counties. The family, being of a thrifty turn, have never seen any reason for emigration, and consequently are not elsewhere found.

the top rail of the gate, then, of a Toothacre farmyard, sat, one April morn ing, Moses Toothacre and the new hired Lawson, and he came from somewhere down country, and had been to horse race and yacht races, and bat on both. He, con equently, did not profess religion. Neither did Mosest but Moses knew it was expected of him in due time; wherein he differen from Lawson. Lawson expected nothing He went through life with a joyous an touching irresponsibility, and nobody tha had had experience with him ever ex pected any more of him than he did : nimself. 'Source Toothacre had not yet fully experienced Lawson; so he had go sheep, and left Moses and Lawson to see after the farm.

Lawson was telling about bets, and it fired Moses' soul. He would have liked to bet on an election right then and there, but no election was due for two years, and everybody knew which way the county wouldgo. The Toothacres always voted by tredition, and they were tolerably numerous. There was no horse racing, and there was nothing morelike a yacht than the ship that was pair ted on the face of the kitchen Lawson changed the subject. "Awful neat woman, your ma is," said

"Ain't she, though," said Moses.

"Never see no dust on her top shelves," pursued Lawson, runinatingly. "No spots onher milk-pans; no files on her." He meant this literally. It would have taken a very active and persistent fly to alight on Mrs Tootimere. He couldn't have stayed on her more than half a second if he had aligned. Pesides, there were no flies in the Toothhere house, any more than there are snake in Ireland. If a mouse had ventured in isc would have starved.

"She looks nice when she's dressed up ma does," said Moses; "when she gots on her best bonnet and shawl. She's goin' to wear 'em to sewin' circle tomorrer. ain't missed a sewin' circle in ten years. I'll bet--" There! It was out-"she

"What will you bet she don't get than in this termerroe?" asked thealert Lawson.
"If she an' pa ain't goin' by Wilkins wood lot termorrer afternoon at 3 o'clock pe chely," said Moses, "you c'n have Barkis." Farkis was the new dog and

Moses' especial property.
"Well, if she doesn't," said Lawson, can tionsly, "I'll give ye my jackknife." Now, Moses had coveted that knife, and he felt that this bet had no element of uncertainty. It did not cause the fever ish excitement of gambling, but his eyes were very bright as he slipped down from the gate and wandered toward the house As he neared the house he could smell doughnuts frying.

"Moses, fill the kettle, will ye, son" Mrs. Toothaure was clipping out the soft circles of dough with the deftness and executione of a machine. Moses dreamily obeyed. He lifted the dripping tin dip per from the pail beside the sink and started toward the stove.

"Moses, Moses, what are ye a-doin' of" pealed his mother. "Hold a dish under that 'ere dipper so it won't strizzle water all ever this clean floor."

The etymology of the word "strizzle" is bidden in the mysteries of New England his tory, but Moses understood. He meekly as his great original, picked up a tin basi-and held it under the dipper, as, with succossive jourceys, be filled the kettle. Then, carrying a handful of luscious brown rings. so hot that he would fain have put then it his pockets, he darted out of the kitchen.

The morning dawned-the morning of th day when Moses would possess that four bladed jackknife. He felt as certain that his mother, in satin bonnet and tomato colored striped shawl, would pass along that pleasant road at 3 o'clock that after no. h as that the sun would set

Mrs. Toothacre got her ham-and-eggs breakfast for the "men-folks," and packet them off to Wilkins' wood lot, two miles from home, with their tin pails of sub stantial noon fare. The sky was gray and threatening, but Mrs. Toothacre screnely got into ber best black alpaca gown, and the 'squire harnessed the old pucing ! that he kept for his personal use, and they The wind was blowing up con started. from the east. "Looks kinder threat'nin', don't it

mother?" said the 'squire anxiously.
"Nothin' more'n a shower, I guess. said she, tucking a substantial umbrella into that rubber cloth arrangement on the dasher of the buggy, known to their par lance as the "boot." The name conveyed lance as the "boot." unknown suggestion to Moses and his sh ter Celia when they were small. In the of storm the rubber blanket folded near against the dashboard was drawn neath up over their parents' knees, and they, or their little stools in front, were hidden in the mysterious black depth, and listene mindrops pattering on their ten roof with a comforting sense of securit They were in the boot. It was somethin like the shoe-children in "Mother Goos Something more than the boot was needed however, to keep off the weather which came up, like the sweep of a storm king' robe, over the purpling bills. First mighty rush of wind, then a thresh of had stones, coming ever larger and larger They hit the horse, and made him dance for the first time in ten years. nearly made the squire use had language which he had not done for three times to vears-not since he and some other boy had been swearing behind the barn to se if they could do it and his father had com

and the corner and caught them at it. Crash! A tree had toppled over behind them, blocking the road home. There were no houses for a wife. There was nothing to do but drive on 'Wonder where the boys are," venture

Mrs. Toothacre, including Lawson, with Moses and Aaron in her anxiety. "In that little shed on the woodlot, moslikely," answered the 'squire, shortly The wood lot was so only in name, bein in reality a thicket of stumps and tma

berry bushes. Opposite was cleared land, plowed ready for crops. That was, indeed, where the boy ere. They had taken refuge in the little shed when the first gust of wind struck them, and whirled their hats away into

the ploughed field. "Your ma won't be here today. I reckon byb," said Lawson, aside, with a grin Moses saw Barkis slipping away him into the grasp of Lawson. He also saw afar off the knife that should have been his, had all the elements not con-

spired against him.
"You wait an' see," said he, stoutly "I bet you five dollars she ain't," said Lawson .

"All right," said Moses. He felt that iniquity was settled anyhow, and a little more or less could make no impression on his already black soul Whoo, whoo, whoo, went the wind.

"Wow! Wow!" went Barkis. His bright, terrified eyes pleaded with Moses to proteet him; his silky head snuggled up to the hollew of Moses' arm. Moses bugged him Lawsonthoughttriumphantlyofthearrange ments he had made with the linch-pin of 'squire's buggy, which, with the eather, would surely secure him in his bet. But it happened that the 'squire, being a thrifty soul, took the old Wagon

instead of the new buggy, and so, as we have seen, was caught in the midst of a ' spell of weather." Law son's moon-faced silver watch, which

had last seen life in the shop of a Port-land pawnbroker, pointed to five minutes of 3. Above the racket of the storm came faintly a voice, and Barkis jumped to the door and went wild with excitement. "it's pa! I vum!" said Aaron, elifer better of Moses, and he opened the door It vaspa, shouling for help; there was no doubt about that. The wind still blewit was one of the hurricanes which come to Northern States once in a lifetime but making their way slowly toward the

mother earth from top to toe The 'squire and his wife had just reached the pie zer' plowed land opposite the wood lot when a tremendous gust of wind skewed their team across the road. In trying to regule his footing the horse slipped over the bank, and the wind, catching the burgy top pilched the worthy Toothacres into the minute of the soft, sticky, rich, meadow loan; excellent for growing vegetables, but

little hat were two figures, the color of

of for ornament.

Mrs. Toothus re'sbonnet was plastered over with must So was her shawl. So was the 'squire's best hat; but they were on The unwonted activity of the 'squire's borse hal smething to do with it, and more than made up the fifteen minutes they hal lost through Lawson's setting the hands of the clock back just before he

The 'squire divined these facts, with the telp of Auron that night. He con-fiscated the \$5 which Lawson paid over to Moses for feur of discovery, and it went to buy Mrs. Toothacre a new bonnet, and to pay for some things which Lawson had caused to disappear from the farm. farkis stayed where he was and Moses was bliged to return the jack-knife. Lawson ceased very soon thereafter to be the new

bit 1 mar, or any other kind.
"Moses," said the 'squire, after matters had mers quite squared up, with the private aid of a strap, "let this be a lesson to yer There as bet, don't allers bet fmr."
"Well," said Moses, "ma allers did get that on time and I thought she would, an she did, though not percisely right aids up w. u care "

NERVIEST MAN IN NORTHWEST

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The nerviest man in the Northwest was Sheriff Orren T. Moxson, a slightly built man with a woman's mild blue eyes, who dressed as an ordinary citizen and Wore a derby but. In his day the job of sheriff was not a sinecure, as the two score notches on als gun attested. He was never given to boasting of his eventful life; but stories of his wonderful nerve are told today by the old fellows who beined settle the twin Dakotas. The most remarkable feat of his career was the capture, single-handed, of "Stab" Shay and Tom Quinn, two notorious horsethieves and all-round desperadoes who mademiserable thelives of the settlers who lived near the Cannon Ball in Hettinger and Morton counties.

A series of minor depredations colminated in a bold raid on the "3-7" runch, in which the outlaws got away with the choicest bunch of horses. Moxson, ac companied by three cow-punctiers, started pursuit the following day. followed the north bank of the Cannon Ball, through Hettinger and Morton counties, until it turned abruptly to the northwest at the intersection of the North Fork. It was evident that the outlaws were making for the bottom lands of the Missouri River. Once lost in the maze of notton woods the pursuit would b abandoned. Having traveled 125 miles in less than two days, the horses were juded, but they responded to the promptings of the spors, but before sunset the second day they galloped through Beer Pass and halted at the edge of the bottom lands. There was a load report, and a buffet whized above their heads. Not 300 yards away was the outlaws' camp, and in front of the small fire was Shay and Quinn, with Winchesters at their shoulders.

Sheriff Moxson did some heavy thinking in the imace of a few seconds. It was use the "drop" on him, and be did not care to sacrifice his two companions no Finally be unbuckled his belt and flung it, with his revolver, to the ground. Disc ing, he tossed the bridle to one of his

"Foys," he said, "you remain here, and don't fire until you see me fail." Then, whistling softly to himself, he sauntered toward the camp, apparently king no notice of the rifles covering he

"Fifty feet more, sheriff, and you're a dead man," cried Shay.

Moxeon besitated not the fraction of an

instant. The fifty feet were covered and he walked steadily forward. "For God's sake, Monson, go back! We an't want to burt you, but we'll never be

The plucky officer took no notice of the warning The blue eyes were fixed sternly on Shay's face. Still whistling, he strode straight to the murnles of the rifles, brushed them aside as if they had been brogesticks, and in much less time than it takes for the telling two of the most desperate men that infested the country were

It was a marvelous exhibition of pure nerve, as well as an illustration of the potency of the law. As was expected in those days, an effort was made to lynch the outlaws.

Nearly two-score men from neighboring ranges surrounded the one-story frame building that did double duty as a fail and a residence. They made so much notes that it interrupted the poker game between Mox-son and his prisoners. With two revolvers In his bands he made his appearance at the door and gave them sixty seconds to disperse. Then he went back to his game and was interrupted no more that night.

Mox son died three years upo not with his "boots on," but as pencefully as if his life had been spent in a Quaker settlement. Shay and Quinn are serving out their sentence in the penitentiary.-Chicago Times

A Duped Phrenologist.

The jokes that practical jokers play upon vise mon are sometimes as funny as they are claborate. A case in point is said to have occurred some years ago in England. when a humor-loving individual who re-joiced in the possession of a fine vegetable garden found therein one evening a large turnip. It so happened that this particular turnip was marvelously like to its shape to a man's head, and bore a very decided resemblance, too, to the features of a man. The joker, perceiving a fine chance to make a point, and struck by the urious resemblance of the turnip, had a cast made of it and sent the cast to a phrenologist, requesting him to examine its bomps and make a report.

After sitting in judgment upon the cast for some time, the phrenologist, so the story goes, reported that while he could not judge accurately from the cast, it was his opinion that it was the head of a person of acute mied and deep research; that he had the organ of quick perception and also of perseverance well devoloped, and that there were signs that he was also a person of extreme credulity. This opinion was sent by mail, and the pace ologist expressed, in closing, the hope at some time he might have the privilege

of examining the head itself. The teply was sent that the owner would gladly comply with this request, but that unforsunately he could not do so, since the original had been eaten by himself and his family several weeks before with their

mutton dinner. What the phrenologist the

reply is not stated.-Harper's Round Table